"JESSIE'S DREAM."

Or the Relief of Lucknow

A DESCRIPTIVE FANTASIA,

INTRODUCING

THE SIEGE, THE DREAM, THE RESCUE,

COMPOSED & ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE,

BY

JOHN BLOCKLEY.

SOLO PR. 4/
DUETT 5/

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"JESSIE'S DREAM."

A STORY OF THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

A DESCRIPTIVE FANTASIA FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

The following is an extract from a letter written by M. de Banneroi, a French physician in the service of Mussur Rajah, and published in *Le Pays* (Paris Paper), dated Calcutta, October 8th 1857.

"I give you the following account of the Relief of Lucknow, as described by a lady, one of the rescued party:— 'On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us; such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, 'her father should return from the ploughing'— She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and apparently, breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon.— Suddenly, I was aroused by a wild unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright before me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening.— A look of intense delight broke over her countenance; she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?— Ay, I'm no dreamin', 'tis the 'slogan' o' the Highlanders!— We're saved! we're saved!'— Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervour. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, 'Courage! courage! hark, to the slogan— to the Macgregor, to the grandest o' them a'..... Here's help at last!'— To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the Colonel shook his head. Our dull Lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonising hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line— 'Will ye no believe it noo?— The 'slogan' has ceased indeed, but 'the Campbells are comin'! D'ye hear, d'ye hear?'— At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, while threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succour to their friends in need..... To our cheer of 'God save the Queen,' they replied by the well known strain that moves every Scot to tears, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot'." &c.

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"JESSIE'S DREAM."

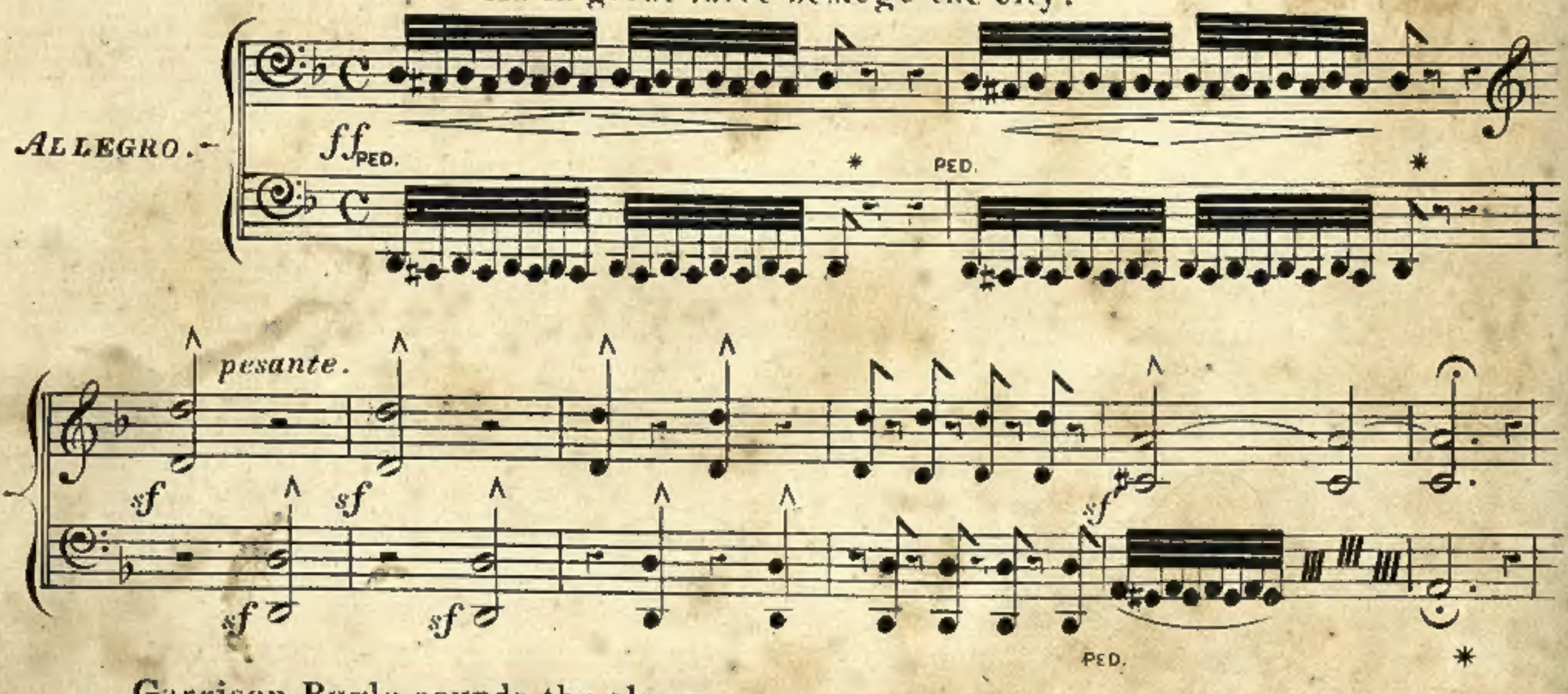
PROGRAMME.

THE SIEGE — THE DREAM — THE RESCUE —

THE SIEGE.

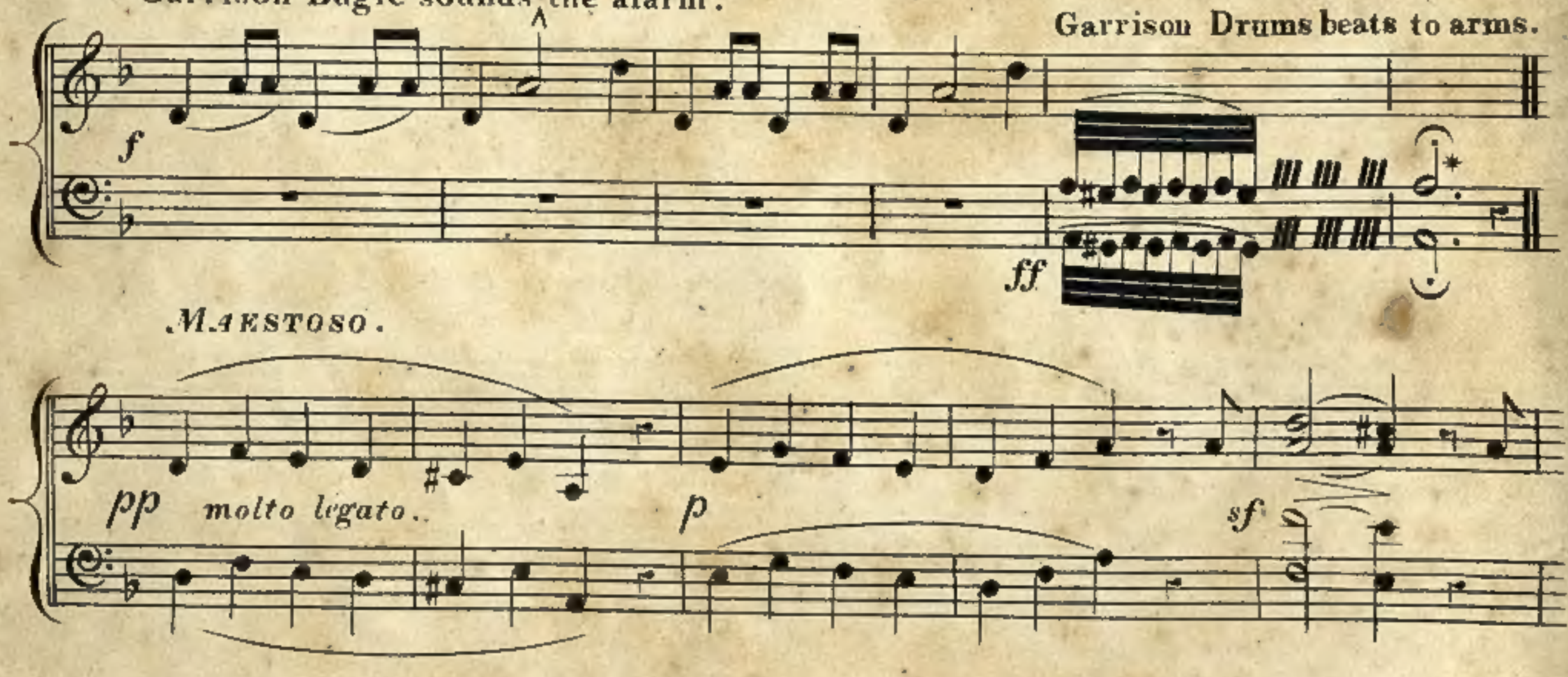
Composed by JOHN BLOCKLEY.

The rebels in great force besiege the city.



Garrison Bugle sounds the alarm.

Garrison Drums beats to arms.



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dolce.

cres.

p

legato

AGITATO. e più mosso.

ff

ff

PED. * PED.

ff

ff

PED. * PED. * PED. * PED. *

dim. e rall.

mf PED. languido.

p *

Anxiety of the besieged.

mf

mf

p

dolente.

strepitoso e accel.

f

sf

Ped: *

Jessie's Dream. P. F.

John Blockley.

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strepitoso.

sf *sf*

Ped: ✱ Ped: ✱ Ped: ✱ Ped: ✱

ff

ALLEGRO AGITATO.

sf Bombs and Rockets.

PED. ✱ PED. ✱ PED.

8va *loco*

✱ PED.

cres *cen* *do* *molto* *ff*

Rebel Trumpet.

f

PED. ✱

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Cannon.

tremolo.

mf The Garrison Bugle sounds

sf *sf*

PED. *

the Assembly.

Cannon.

tremolo.

sf *sf*

PED. *

* *

MARZIALE. Distant March of the Rebels.

pp *soft Ped* *pp*

leggieramente

p

p *cres.*

mf

PED. * PED. * PED. *

* * "At sunset the enemy were seen at a distance, with drums and fifes playing, marching from the direction of the river Goomtee, towards the Cawnpore road." *Diary by a Staff Officer*

Jessie's Dream P F

John Blockley.

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PED. * cres PED. * PED. *

olce. f PED. *

March recedes.

cres. PED. f *

f

orming of the Residency.

f sf

narcato.

PED. * PED. * PED. *

eam. P. F.

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PED. *sf* * PED. *sf* * PED. * PED. *

Shouting and Bugling of the enemy.

f PED. *cres.* * *ff* PED. *ff*

8va

PED.

PED.

dim. *e* *rall.*

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THE PRAYER.

LARGHETTO.

Molto espressivo e ben sostenuto.

p *mf* *cres*

tenuto.

mf

mo ren do.

mf *dim.* *p* *pp*

ALLEGRO AGITATO.

sf Bombs and Rockets.

PED. * PED. * PED. *

ff

8va *loco*

PED. * PED.

Shouts of the Rebels.

ff *tutta forza*

cres *sf*

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Jessie first hears the sound of the distant Pibroch.

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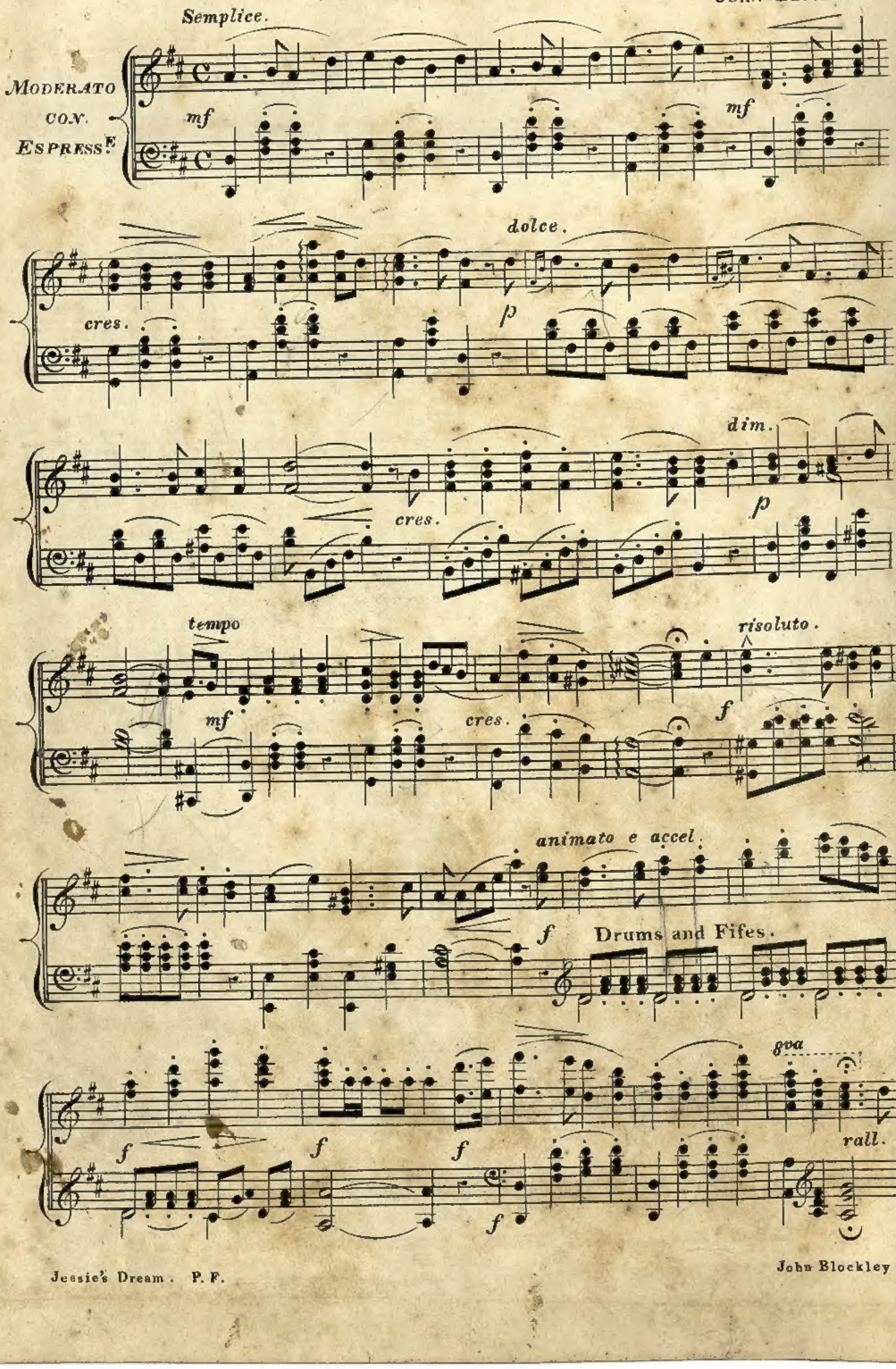
Air_ "JESSIE'S DREAM."

JOHN BLOCKLEY.



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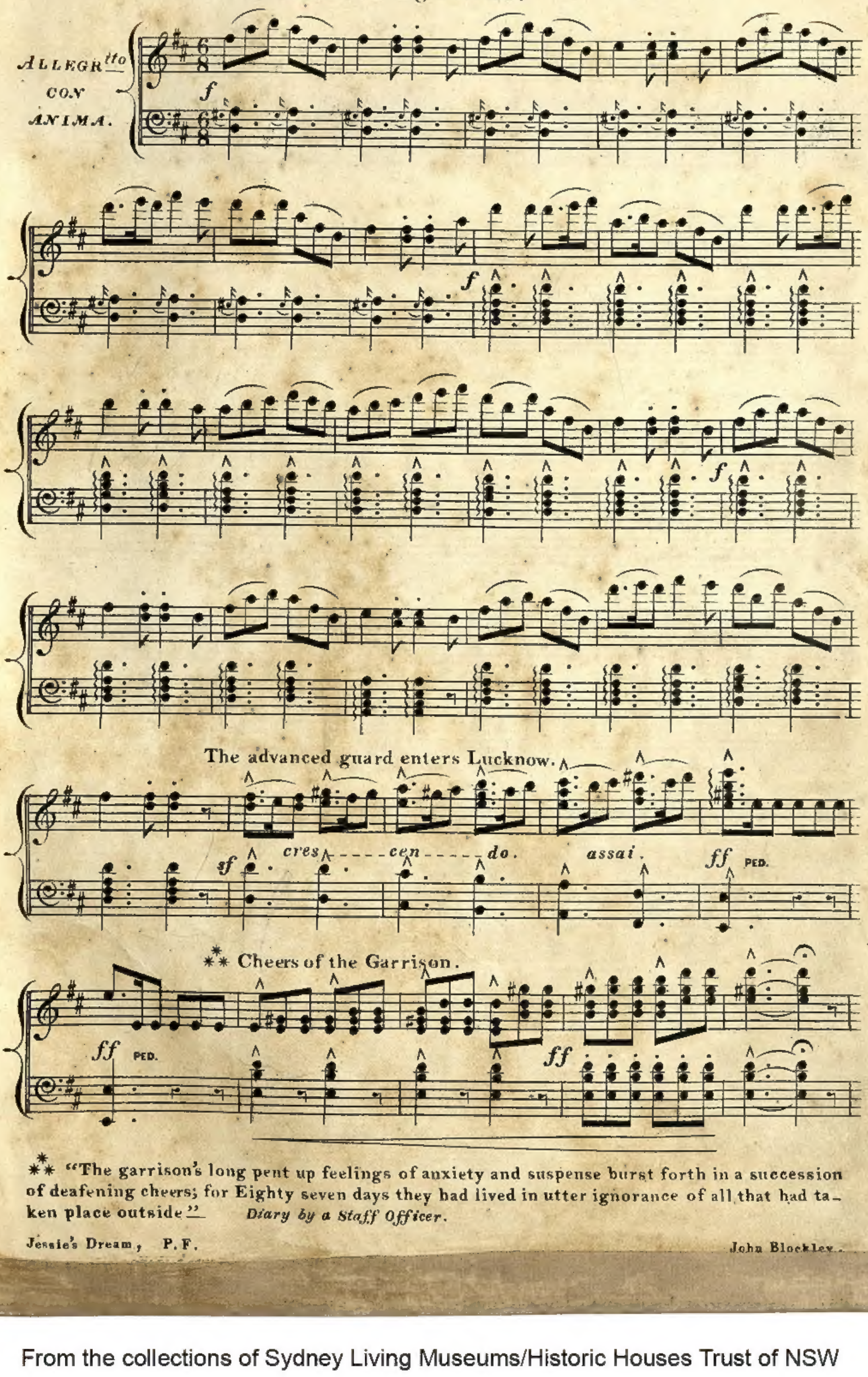
Advance of the 93rd Highlanders.



The advanced guard enters Lucknow.

** Cheers of the Garrison.

** "The garrison's long pent up feelings of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers; for Eighty seven days they had lived in utter ignorance of all that had taken place outside." *Diary by a Staff Officer.*

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AULD LANG SYNE.

Welcome of the Garrison. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot".

IN MODERATE TIME.

mf

cres.

f

f PED. * PED. * PED.

gva

f

gva

ritard

loco

gva

Rejoicing in the Garrison. Cannon.

Jessie's Dream. P. F.

John Blockley.

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ritard.

Cheers.

PED.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Salute of honour on the entry of HAVELOCK and his brave companions into Lucknow.

MAESTOSO.

mf

8va

f

mf PED.

PED.

loco

8va

tremolo.

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